

Callie's Memories

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Edited by

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&

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CALLIE'S MEMORIES

Editors

Inez T. Bennett

and

Zephyr M. Strickland

This compilation contains inspiring memories of Callie, daughter of George W. and Martha J. Olivet, and it has been specially prepared for loved ones. It has been completed with the assistance and cooperation of numerous relatives and friends. Without their assistance this undertaking would not have been possible.

Pictures and appropriate illustrations accompany articles where it is thought they might be most helpful to the reader, also the section on geneology in the back of the book may be especially useful to some readers.

So that these stories will not be enlarged with each retelling, and so that successive generations will not add their own interpretations until the stories will become somewhat distorted, this book is being printed in Callie's own words including all errors.

Dedication

For our beloved family and relatives to whose encouragement this book owes its being.

TO THE READER

This foreword is given as a means for reminding the reader why the book was begun and how it was expanded.

In 1979, shortly after her husband, Charlie Freeland, had passed away, my mother, Callie Olivet Freeland, was very, very depressed. To make a long story short, she couldn't have cared less whether she lived or died. By chance, one day while she was visiting with me she mentioned something she had done when she was a child. I thought how nice it would be if somehow I could help her pass the time away during her deep sorrow.

I bought a notebook and gave it to her saying, "When the boat begins to rock, I want you to think of some childhood prank and write it down." Well, to my surprise, she filled the notebook and several additional pages with memories, however, she didn't write them in chronological order. She wrote them down as she recalled them. Then the thought came to me - why not organize the materials and put it into book form. This was my chance. The more I thought about it the more enthused I became, so that is how the book had its beginning. To make my mother's book more authentic much research was needed. The job was too big for one person. I needed a co-worker and Zephyr Freeland Strickland, a step-sister, graciously agreed to help. We have worked together, and that is how the book came to have two editors.

There is no claim for the accuracy of all the records in this book. We have done the best we could to see that all materials are accurately recorded and that nothing is included that is not authentic. There has been much checking and rechecking, however, there is bound to be a few mistakes.

We hope every reader will get both pleasure and profit from the reading of the book. If so, then we shall have been amply rewarded for our effort.

By Inez Bennett, one of the editors.

Inez Bennett

III

I have always been interested in family history and have felt that it should be preserved. I was more than happy to have a part in helping collect and compile information for this book. Although it has called for a great amount of work, we have enjoyed the work and working together and the contact with the many fine relatives and friends, some of which we never knew until now.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank all those who have furnished information or helped in any way with the undertaking. If anyone who reads this book finds mistakes or has additional information pertaining to the family history, we will appreciate it if you will share it with us.

Preparing this book has led us to know our forebearers as real people and to share in a small way in their joys and sorrows. I have developed a great respect for these God-fearing, hard-working, plain people who measured a person's worth by his character and what he could do and not by wealth or position. Life was hard for them, but they faced it with courage and independence. To be a descendant of such men and women is an honor. We want to pass along this feeling of pride to all who share our heritage.

By Zephyr Strickland, one of the editors.

Zephyr Strickland



Sept 5, 1979. This book has a sad
beginning. Here I am almost 83



years old and a widow
since May 15, 1979.
Now I must learn to
live without my dear
husband, and it is so
hard to do. I cannot
live at my home now
because I am not phy-
sically able to live by
myself. I know I
should be counting
my blessings in stead
of feeling so sad

and lonely and missing my
husband so much. I am thankful
for so many good memories of time
and for our 45 years together which
were the happiest years of my life.
He was such a good Christian man.
I am happy and thankful I am
a Christian too. It won't be long



Now until I will be going on to
meet him to part no more, I am
thankful I have 5 good christian
children, 13 dear grandchildren
and 10 sweet great grandchildren
which makes life more bearable
and worth trying to go on living.
It is because they want me to
write down my memories that I am
writing this book.

I have had lots of sorrow and
sickness and deaths of loved
ones but lots of happiness too.
I like best to think of the happy
times but will write about a few
of the sad times too.

There are a lot of things I would
do differently if I could live my
years over. I wish I could have
done more good things. I was full
of mischief, but I never wanted
to do really bad things. I think
I would have liked to be a



missionary and helped lots of people. I keep saying a prayer for all the sad people of the world. I pray that this book might help someone, if it will cause only one person to live a better life, then writing will have been worthwhile.

I hope that these pages will show what life was like in my time and give my grandchildren a better understanding and appreciation of their heritage. Most of all, I hope this book will bring a few smiles and some happiness to the people I love.

Callie Olivet Freeland

CALLIE'S MEMORIES

As you read this book of my memories, if you find some of the stories slightly out of order, please remember that I've never written a book before. There are places in the book where I had to have help with dates, etc. To the best of my knowledge every word is true, but if there are any errors, I sincerely hope you will kindly overlook them as, after all, this is how I remember the things.

At the beginning of this book I am going to write, in story form, some of the things about my ancestors that seem most interesting to me. During this past summer I visited many relatives and saw many places that I had not seen for many years, and with the help of my daughters, I have learned much of the family history. For those who are interested in geneology, I plan to include elsewhere in the book more family background. This, also is very valuable to me as some of the information was taken from actual copies of Grandfather's penmanship and also from Papa and Mama's penmanship.

I shall list, and write a little about great-great-great-grandparents, great-great-grandparents, and great-grandparents, but my stories will start with my grandparents as I don't remember anything about my great-grandparents.

Callie Olivet Freeland

John / Mr. Dougald. Sr.
Was born December 24, 1806
and Departed this life
May the 25, 1876.

Sarah Mc Dougald. Wife of
(GADDIS)
John, Mr. Dougald. Sr. Departed
this life June 19th 1897

Age about 82 years.

Saved to the Memory of our
Beloved Parents

1897
82
1815

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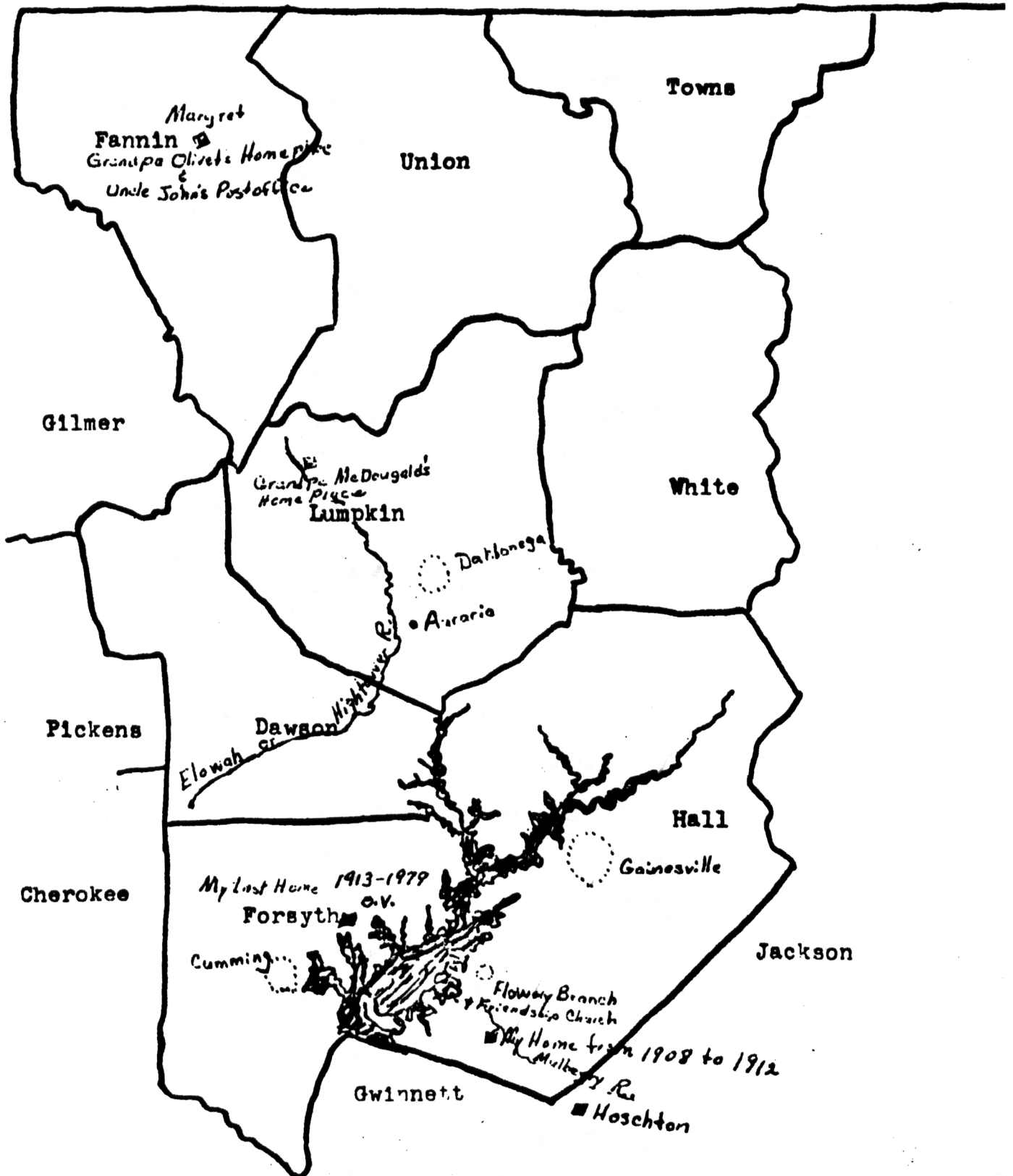
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This map shows some of the places that I mention in my book.



This is a family record in Grandpa Joseph McDougald's own handwriting.

Family Record

Joseph McDougald with home

May 18th 1837

Mary K. James. D. 1837

Born February 20th 1843

and they with married OCT 23 1859

James Jacob McDougald with

Born September 28th 1860 and

Died Oct 30 1866

John C. Hand with McDougald with

Born November 4th 1861 and Died Jan 8 1891

Mary Elizabeth McDougald with

Born December 1st 1861

Marah Caroline McDougald with

Born December 16th 1866

Anderson John McDougald with

Born April 11th 1867

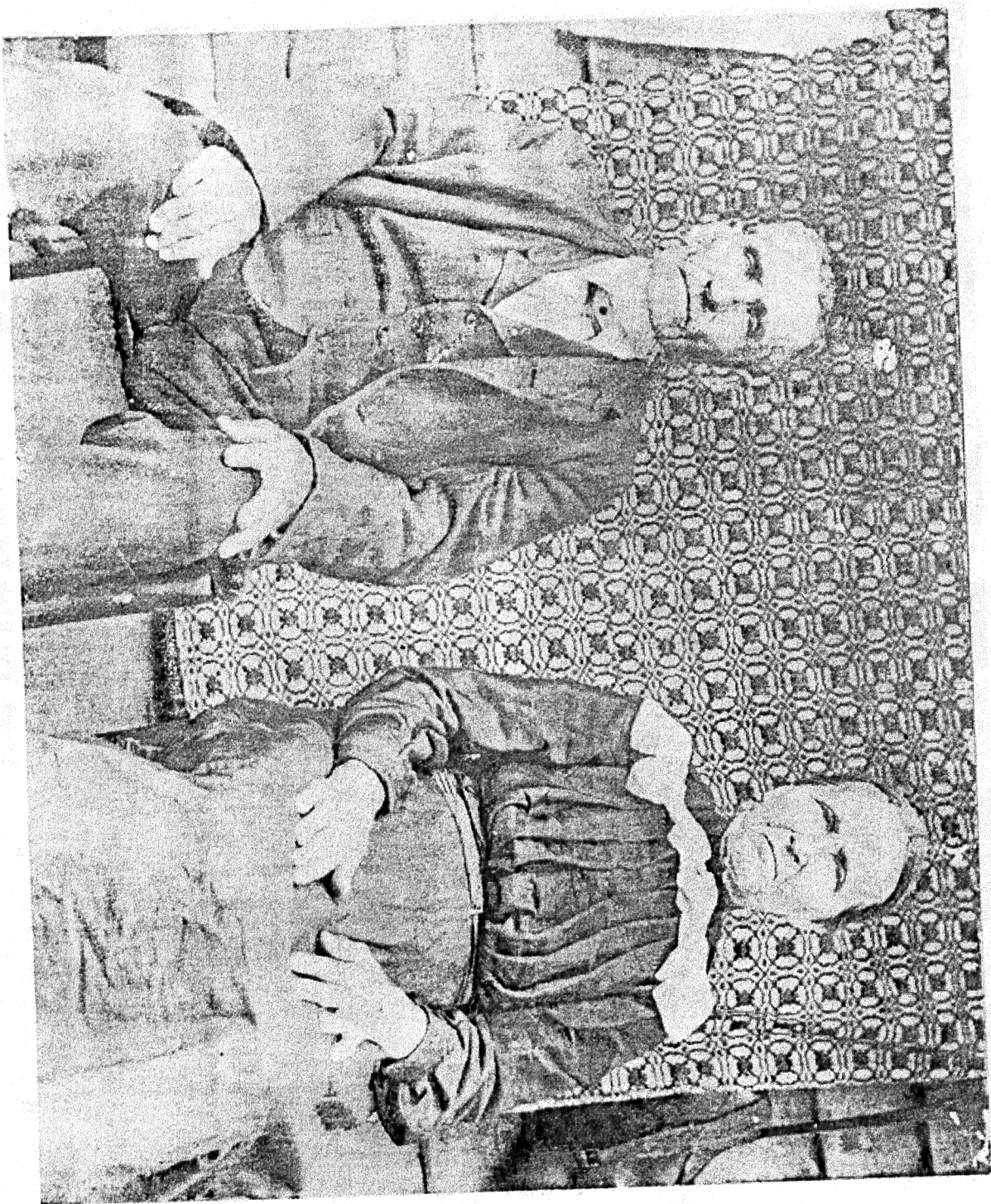
Died Feb 25 1892

Martha Jane McDougald with

Born March 26th 1871

Augusta L. McDougald with

Born June 27th 1873



Joseph and Nicy McDougald

Keamun Road, Abil
a sister to Haven. Brothertown
the majority of June 1, 1907
letter to Kalamazoo, Jan 8, 1908

Blank

CHAPTER I
Ancestors on Mama's Side

I Generation:

My great-great-great-grandparents on the McDougald side came to the U.S.A. from the Old Eastern Country. Great-great-great-grandpa McDougald.....was a full-blooded Scotchman. He served in the American Revolution. Great-great-great-grandma McDougald.....was a full-blooded Turk.

II Generation:

Great-great-grandparents

Daniel McDougald.....served in the War of 1812

Wife ?

III Generation:

Great-grandparents

John McDougald^{SR}.....12/24/1806 to 5/25/1876

Sarah Gaddis.....about 1815 to 6/13/1897

They were married in 1829. Great-grandma Sarah's father was English and one of the first white immigrants to come to this part of the country-Union County, Georgia. They came to this part of the country in the 1830's while the Indians were still here. Great-grandpa John helped carry the Indians out.

IV Generation:

Grandparents

Joseph McDougald.....5/18/1837 to 5/8/1921

Nicy Roseanah Brookshire.....2/20/1843 to 12/16/1920

They were married 10/23/1859 in Union County, Georgia, when Grandpa Joseph was twenty-two years old and Grandma Nicy was sixteen years old, according to the family record that Grandpa wrote.

However, Mama and some of the other relatives said that Grandma married when she was thirteen years old and had thirteen children. They had seven boys and six girls.

Boys:

1. James Iradil.....9/28/1860 to 10/30/1860
2. J. Chandler.....11/5/1861 to 1/8/1918
3. Asbury A.....4/11/1869 to 2/18/1932
4. Willie J.....9/16/1875 to 4/25/1950
5. Clemy.....6/30/1877 to 10/10/1877
6. Joe A.....8/13/1879 to 3/4/1959
7. Marion.....1/15/1882 to 2/17/1943

Anderson Asbury

Girls:

1. Mary.....12/1/1864 to the 1930's
2. Caroline (Sarah).....12/16/1866 to 4/30/1943
3. Susan S.....6/27/1873 or 1874 to 1937
4. Martha Jane.....3/26/1871 to 7/9/1937
5. Minerva (Nerve).....10/5/1881 to 5/30/1960
6. Ida.....3/19/1887 to 12/26/1954

These were my uncles and aunts on the McDougald side, and I shall write something about each of them after I tell you about Grandpa and Grandma.

But since Grandpa Joseph McDougald married a Brookshire I need to tell you about my Brookshire ancestors.

I Generation:

Great-great-grandparents

John Brookshire.....came from England in the first settlement of the U .S.A. and fought in the American Revolution. He lived to be 104.

Wife ?

II Generation:

Great-grandparents

James Brookshire.....

Nancy Meadows.....daughter of Tommy Meadows

III Generation:

Grandparents

As I've already told you, Nicy Brookshire (Grandma) married Joseph McDougald (Grandpa).

Grandma Brookshire's parents, James and Nancy Brookshire, died when the children were quite young and they were raised by Aunt Betsy Meadows.

I guess here is a good place to tell you about the origin of the name "McDougald." MacDougald is one of the oldest Scottish clan names. It was formerly written "Mac Dhughail" (the dark stranger). "MacDougall" derives from "Dougal" (black stranger).

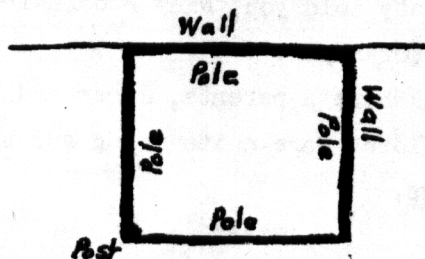
In case some of the readers want to do further reference work on the McDougalds and Olivets I need to tell you a little about the different spellings. Oh, yes, they were the same people or in the same family. I guess one reason for so many different spellings was because they didn't think it to be important so long as they put their meaning across and they just spelled things the way they sounded.

In census records "McDougald" is spelled many different ways. Here are some of the variations: McDugle, McDougald, Mack Dougald, McDugell, McDougle, McDougel, McDugold, McDugeld. Even Grandpa spelled his own name two different ways. One time he spelled it McDougahl and another time he spelled it McDougald.

I don't know the origin of the name "Olivet", but here are some of the different ways people spelled it: Olivet, Olivit, Olivitt, Olivat, Olvet, Olevett, and Ollivet. Grandpa Olivet performed the marriage ceremony for Papa and Mama (see copy) and for Aunt Susan and Uncle Wilbur. On one license he spelled his name Olivit and on the other he spelled his name Ollivet.

Grandpa and Grandma McDougald

Grandpa used to tell us children about how when he and Grandma first married, all they had was a pot and a skillet that somebody gave them and a bed of leaves in the corner until somebody came and made a Georgia bed for them. A Georgia bed is made by nailing poles along two walls in a corner and has one corner post away from the wall to nail the poles to for the foot and other side of the bed.



Grandma was a hard working woman -- had to be with thirteen children to raise. She was a good seamstress, sewed and made clothes for the whole family -- even men's suits, worked late into the night except when Grandpa made her stop and go to bed because he didn't want her working so hard. They sheared their sheep, washed and carded the wool, made rolls and spun it into thread, then knit socks and stockings. Grandma had a sheepskin by her bed to step out on in the winter time. She had a loom upstairs to weave cloth to make suits and dresses and also nice blankets. Since this was before cars were invented, when Grandma came to visit, she rode a beautiful red horse. It looked so big and scary I didn't want to ride it at all. They raised and preserved vegetables, killed hogs and beef for meat, raised corn and wheat for bread. Grandpa was a good miller. Mama helped run the mill. They ground cornmeal and also flour. They dried fruit and pumpkins. They didn't go to the grocery store like we do now. Grandma cut big gourds with the top and bottom notched so that the notches fitted together and used them like we do canisters.

Grandpa belonged to the Baptist denomination. He was a deacon, and as far as I know never missed a meeting day. Meeting day was once a month. They had to walk one-and-a-half miles up a rough mountain road. Grandpa went on first to get the service started. Grandma worked on cooking for the preachers until barely time for preaching time. She always had a lot of company to cook for all during the week of

revival. Lots of them spent the night. Grandpa wouldn't eat off an oil cloth, so Grandma spread him a linen cloth at one end of the table. I don't know the reason for that.

When I was small we lived at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains—ten miles above Dahlonega, Georgia near Grandpa and Grandma McDougald. We visited them every Sunday. Lots of my cousins and aunts and uncles came on Sunday, too.

Grandma always respected Grandpa. She would listen to stories he told which she had heard lots of times and mouth the words as he told them — not in fun, but she acted as if she was more interested than anyone in his stories and was just mentally helping him out.

Grandpa wouldn't let Grandma go to the kitchen until her baby was a month old after a baby was born.

Grandpa was very fond of flowers and grew beautiful roses. He had to build a fence around the fields to keep the cattle, sheep, hogs, and deer out. He also built a fence around the yard. He had a grapevine that grew and ran on the fence with so many good grapes. I knew better, but one day the temptation was so great that I was eating some grapes anyway. Grandpa caught me eating and said, "You mustn't eat my grapes." I guess he was saving them to make wine. He also made some pure whiskey, but he never used it for anything except medicine. Grandpa built a spring house over a clear, cool spring to keep milk and butter cool. The water was also used for drinking purposes. They had no wells and no refrigerators back then. Grandma made cheese and kept it in a jar in the cool spring house. They had plenty of ham and sausage. They also milked a cow and churned their own butter.

Grandpa McDougald fought in the Civil War. At first he fought for the South, then crossed the line to fight with the North because he wanted to fight for the right side. He would not take a pension when the war was over.

Mama told us about the hard times during the Civil War. She said people couldn't get salt to season their food. They would go dig up dirt from the smoke house where they had meat salted down.

Blank

Once Grandpa hid out in the woods and slept in a hollow log to keep from going to war. It was against his religion to fight. He did go later and told what a hard time the soldiers had with their feet freezing and not enough food to eat.

Did you ever eat blackberry leaves? Well, Grandma McDougald and her children did. When Grandpa was in the Civil War, Grandma had a hard time feeding her family. It was bad times for everyone. Grandma was as well off as many others.

People didn't go to the super market in those days. There was no such thing. Blackberry vines were common in the mountains. Early in the spring of the year Grandma would go out and gather the tender berry leaves and cook them like we do "greens" today. She was familiar with all kinds of plants and knew which ones were poisonous and which were non-poisonous. She would also gather the fruit from the passion flower (maypop) and fry them like we do okra. Most of us would feel insulted if we had to eat beery leaves and maypops. Who knows, they might be good.

If you don't think it was hard times during the war just listen to this. Grandpa didn't have a coat and there was not enough wool for Grandma to card wool and weave cloth for a coat. She humbly went to the tanyard where people tanned animal hides and collected the hair that was thrown away and somehow made cloth for Grandpa a coat. She must have used a little wool in order to make thread. I don't know about that.

Many times folks back home were robbed. They had a very hard time keeping their children fed and clothing to wear.

This is the way women dressed for church in Grandma's time: ladies back then wanted to have small waists, so they wore corsets with staves and laced them very tightly, drawers that came to the knees and three petticoats with lots of ruffles. It took yards and yards of cloth to make a dress. The dresses had long sleeves, high collars, and reached to the floor. They put on black hose, high-top button shoes, combed and fixed their hair on top of their heads, powdered their faces (no paint of any kind) and put on a big hat with a plume or feather on it. They put on black or white gloves, got them a fan

Blank

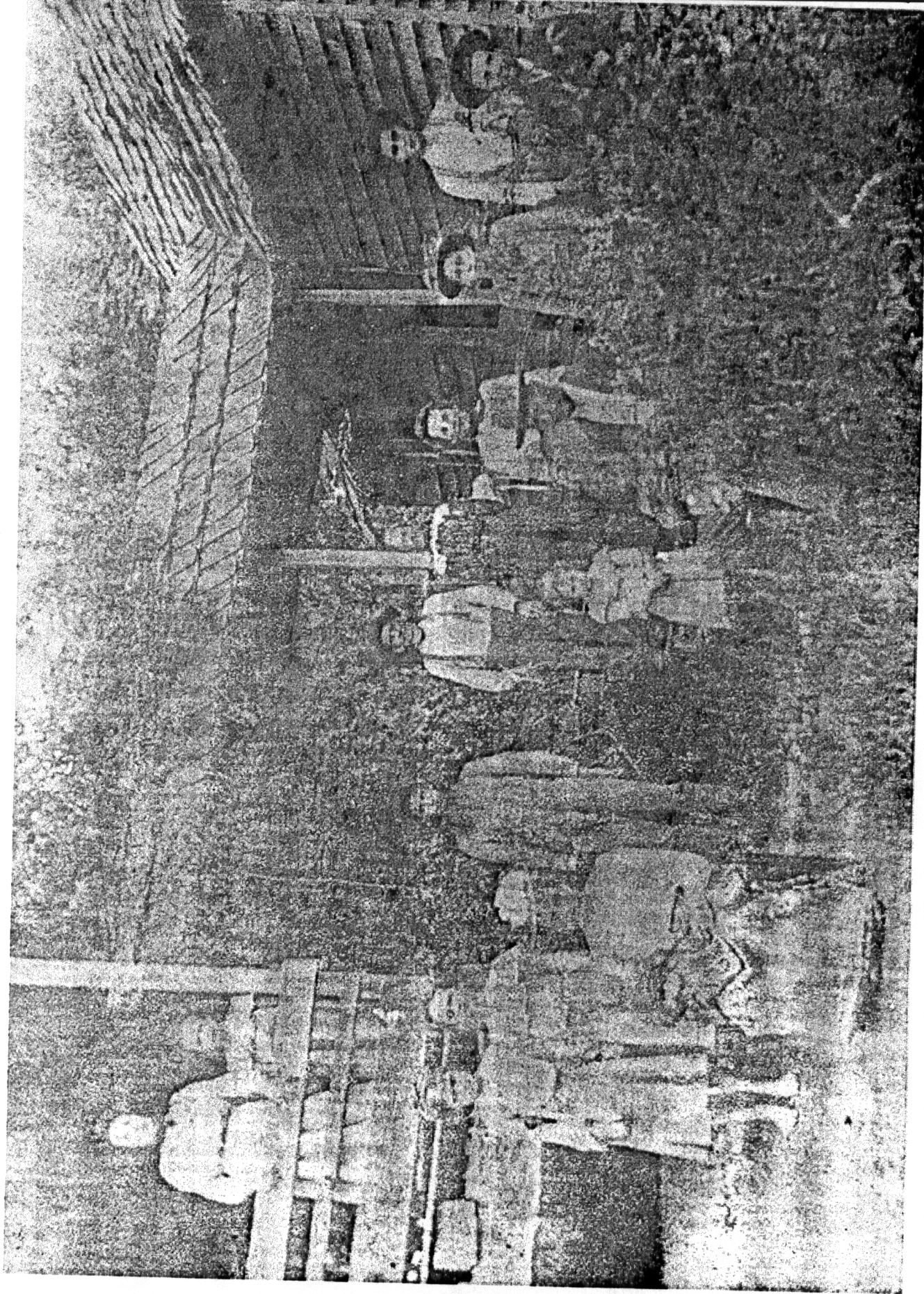
and a silk handkerchief. They then went out to the carriage (if they had one), but had to be real careful getting into the carriage so no one would see their ankles. It was not nice to let anyone see the ankles. There was no such thing as a bathing suit. I guess they would have felt naked to wear one like the style now. My grandmother or my mother never wore one. Also, they put a bustle on to make them large behind. Mama said one time at church a girl had her corset laced so tight she fainted and fell right out in the floor.

In my grandmother's time, the mountain girls didn't have but one pair of Sunday shoes. The shoes were black and had high tops with buttons to fasten them on. They always wore black stockings. Since Grandma had to walk two miles over a rough road to church, she carried her shoes in her hands until she got almost to church. Then, she sat down and put her shoes on. Others did this also. This saved wear and tear.

Grandma's house didn't have rugs all over like people do now, but a plain plank floor scrubbed clean with a shuck mop. To make a mop, they took a piece of wood $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, six or eight inches wide and three inches thick. They bored holes in it—a dozen or more, filled the holes with shredded shucks, and put plenty of lye soap on and scrubbed back and forth until the floor was clean. Then they rinsed it with clear water and let it dry. The floor would be nice and clean.

Only wealthy people had a cook stove. My grandmother had a small one. That was the first cook stove I ever saw. It was so tiny it would be considered a toy today. She did a lot of her cooking over the fire with rods put across to hang pots on. Grandma wouldn't let anyone spit in the fireplace where she cooked. She was very clean.

After Grandma died, Grandpa didn't live long. Folks said he just gave up and died. He didn't want to live any longer without her. He left lots of gold which he had buried in a can or jar. He didn't trust banks. Some folks say that someone found and kept it. He should have made a will but failed to do so. Everyone should leave a will so property could be divided like they want it to be. This sometimes causes a lot of trouble among children.



Grandpa's House

Explanation of picture on previous page:

Minerva McDougald and Mae Olivet standing on the porch,
Dovie McDougald and Callie Olivet (myself) standing together

below them,

Chandler McDougald's wife (Mattie) holding her baby,

Homer Olivet behind her to the right,

Grandpa and Grandma McDougald to the right of Homer,

Flora Olivet in front of Grandpa and Grandma,

George Olivet (Papa) holding Selena Olivet,

Martha Jane Olivet (Mama) behind Papa,

Howard Olivet third from right,

Coone Lee and Edd McDougald at far right,

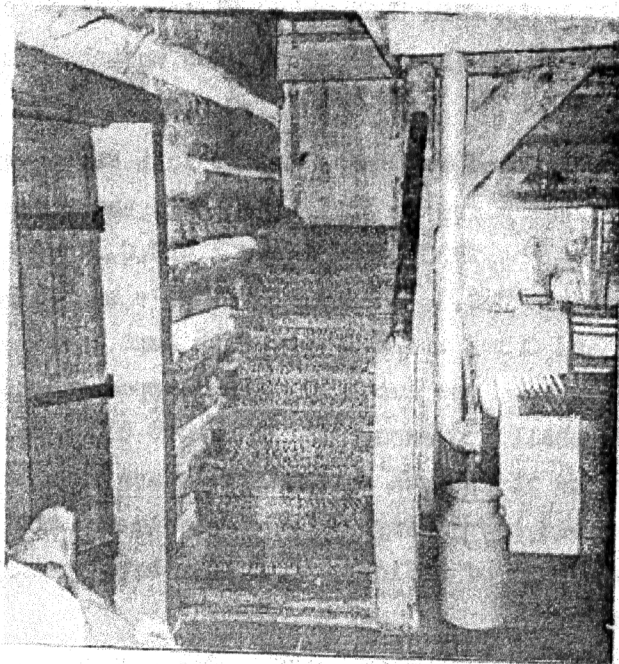
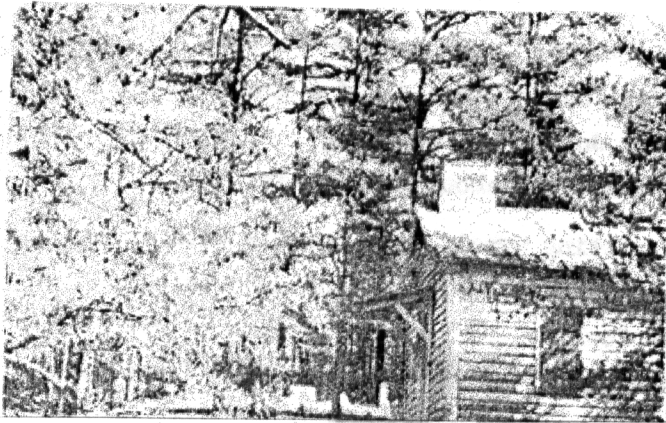
The picture was made by Uncle Chandler in about 1906.

Now look at the house. The porch where Aunt Nerve and Mae are standing goes all the way across the front of the house which was made of logs. It had two bedrooms and a living room downstairs and a big room upstairs. The covered walkway behind which Grandpa and Grandma are standing led from the main house to the kitchen. The walkway had wisteria vines growing beside it and over it. It was pretty when it bloomed. A bedroom was built onto the kitchen.

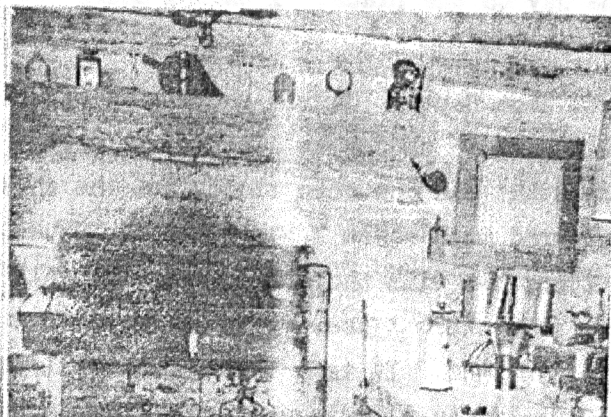
There was a big weight clock on the stairs, and I remember one time I stayed all night with Grandpa and Grandma, the big clock ticked so loud and sounded so lonesome I couldn't go to sleep for a long time, and I wished I were at home.

Grandpa kept a jug of whiskey and gave all the children a few swallows before breakfast. Of course, this was for medicine. He thought a little whiskey each day made people healthy, and a few swallows before breakfast was all he would drink.

I don't know if Grandpa and Grandma lived all their married lives at the same place. I remember an old cabin behind their house. That may have been the cabin where they lived when they first married, but I don't know. I can't remember hearing anyone say. I do know that Mama and all her younger brothers and sisters were born where Grandpa and Grandma lived when I was a child. I don't know when Grandpa acquired all of his land, and I don't know whether he bought it or



Can't you just see me standing on these stairs doing "piddling business" with the big weight clock that stood there?

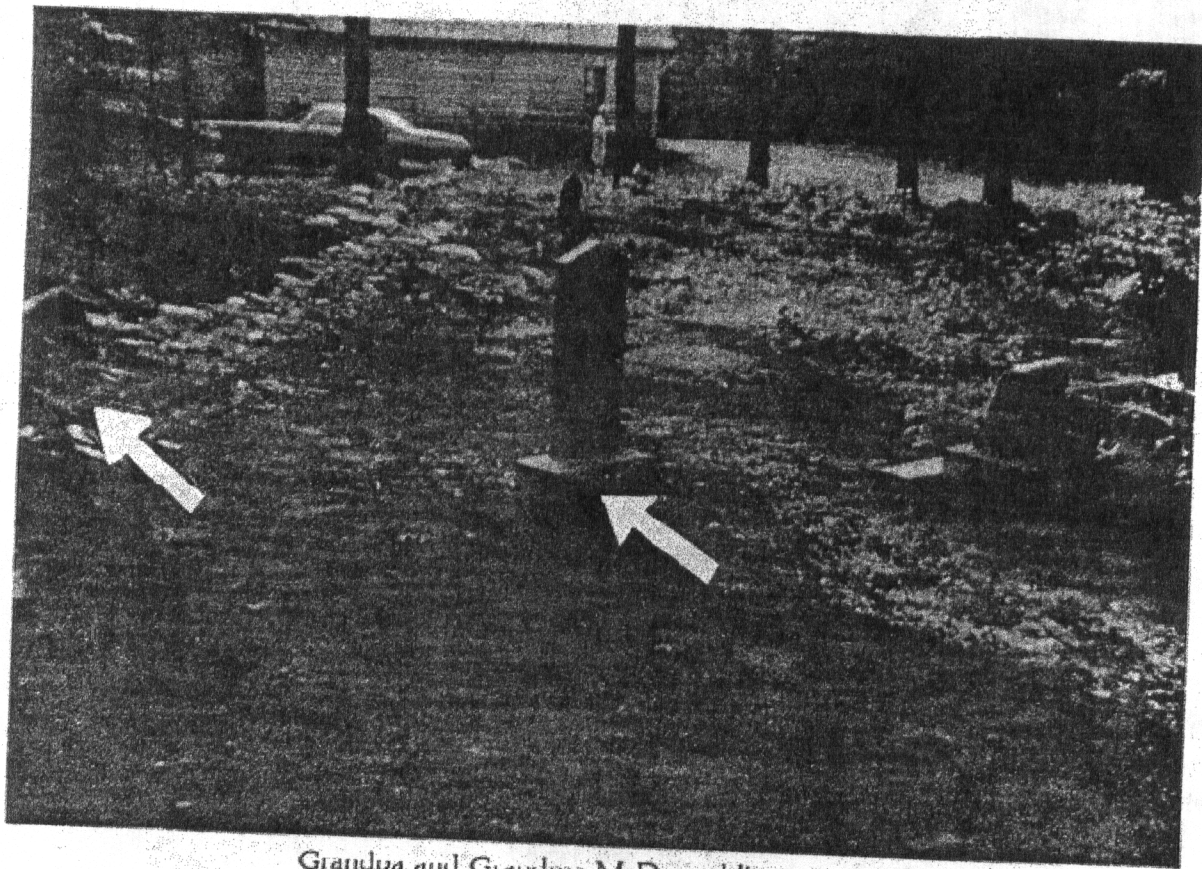




Standing: Ida McDougald, Marion McDougald, Minerva McDougald.
Sitting: Joseph McDougald and Nicy McDougald.



Callie (myself) 1980



Grandpa and Grandma McDougald's graves



Grandpa's Stone



Grandma's Stone

Uncle (John) Chandler

November 5, 1861 - January 8, 1918

Uncle Chandler was a farmer and a preacher. He was a short stocky man and had a little black mustache.

He married Mareyan Thomas October 16, 1881. They had four boys and two girls: Chandler, Luther, Edd, Dovie, and two children that died when they were young. They were Rosalie and John Samuel. Oh, I must tell you Dovie's full name. It was Dovie Susanner Roxy Emeline McDougald. I don't know why they gave her so many names. She always went by the name Dovie.

Mareyan died when Dovie was quite young, and Dovie stayed for
They thought she was "it".

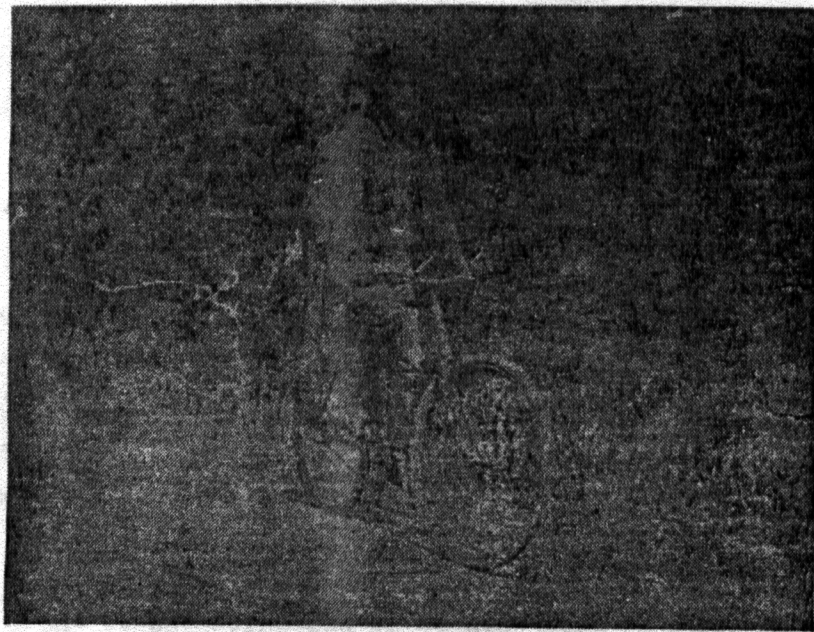
must have dug all the way to the bottom of the grave because in the loose dirt that had been put back in the grave, a tooth and bits of the wooden coffin were found. Nobody knew why the grave was disturbed. There was a rumor that Grandpa had been buried with his gold watch and his Mason's ring. Maybe they wanted the watch and ring. I hope the vandals didn't get anything except bad dreams for their trouble.

Grandpa was interested in education. He served as School Trustee of Hightower district in 1884.

Oh, I must tell you this. One day while my two daughters and I were traveling around looking for my old home place and seeing things and places where I grew up in the North Georgia Mountains, we were told how to take a short cut. We must have taken a wrong turn somewhere, because it seemed like we wound for miles over a little road so rough and rocky we were afraid the car couldn't get through at times. We couldn't turn around and go back, because there was a steep mountain on one side and a bluff dropping off to a creek on the other. I think the road was a sort of trail that the farmer used to get to his field maybe. At last the road smoothed out, but we then had to cross the creek with no bridge. Finally, we came to the highway and were we really glad! We decided not to take any more short cuts.

Grandpa McDougald made his and Grandma's caskets from pine boards long before they died and had them stored away and ready. This was not uncommon in those days.

Now I shall tell you about my uncles and aunts on Mama's side.



Charlie and Luther McDougald



Edd McDougald and wife
(Flonnie Stover)

never complained. She had a lot of patience. Aunt Mattie had asthma real bad. She and Uncle Chandler both died before the children were all grown. Uncle Chandler died with heart dropsey, and nine months later Aunt Mattie died with flu. Uncle Chandler is buried at Flowery Branch, Georgia. Grady, Garnet, and Green spent two years in the Masonic Orphan's Home, then an aunt kept them until they were old enough to work in the mill.

Dovie and I still visited each other after we were married. She married Grady Satterfield and had three sons: Joe, Roy, and Curtis. Edd and Dovie were both good piano players, and after Dovie and Grady married, Dovie played the organ for years in her church in Canton, Georgia.

Green and Grady are the only ones of Uncle Chandler's children who are still living. I visited Green this summer (1980). He and his wife live on McDougald Street in Gainesville, Georgia. When they were naming streets on that edge of town, he lived at the end of the little road which is now McDougald Street. Since that was the only family living on the road at that time, they named it after him. Now some other people, including his two daughters and their families, live on that street.

Green was deputy sheriff in Hall County for a number of years. He is now in very poor health and not able to work.



1906 at home of Joseph and Nicy McDougald
 Center: Asbury McDougald, Mary Lucyann Hendrix McDougald. Right:
 Maude McDougald Jones. Center Front: Hattie McDougald (Bell) age 4. Left:
 Vinnie McDougald (Payne, Hash). Back Row: Queen Lee who was living
 with the family at that time.



Bessie McDougald



Warren McDougald
 Uncle Asbury's only son



Mae and Myrtle McDougald (Twins)

Uncle Asbury

April 11, 1869 - February 18, 1932

People called Uncle Asbury A. A. or Az. He married Mary Lucyann Hendrix January 17, 1897. They had eight children: Maude, Vinnie, Hattie, Warren, Bessie, Myrtle, Mae, and Edna. Myrtle and Mae were twins. They didn't resemble each other at all. Myrtle was tall and Mae was short. Warren, the only boy, used to say he had seven sisters and each one of them had a brother. All eight children are still living. Some of the older children were about my age. One reason I remember so little about Grandpa and Grandma Olivet is because when Papa and Mama went to visit them, Sister Mae and I would stop at Uncle Asbury's house. It was more fun to stay there and play. Three of the girls were school teachers. One girl graduated from Martha Berry in Rome, Georgia. The rest graduated from North Georgia College in Dahlonega, Georgia.

Uncle Asbury and his family lived in Lumpkin County near us when I was small. He was a deacon at Mt. Zion Church while they lived there. In 1907, they moved to Gaddistown in Union County where Aunt Lucyann grew up. They lived there the rest of their lives. Uncle Asbury was a good farmer. I don't know why he stayed in the Blue Ridge Mountains instead of moving away like all his brothers and some of his sisters. They had a nice, big two-story house overlooking the Toccoa River Valley. The back of the house was at the foot of a steep mountain. Uncle Asbury dug a pit in the side of the mountain for keeping milk and things cool. You could just step out of the back door of the house and into the pit.

Aunt Lucyann liked to hunt and kill squirrels. One day she shot and killed a wildcat. She had it mounted. It was still in her living room the last time I visited them.

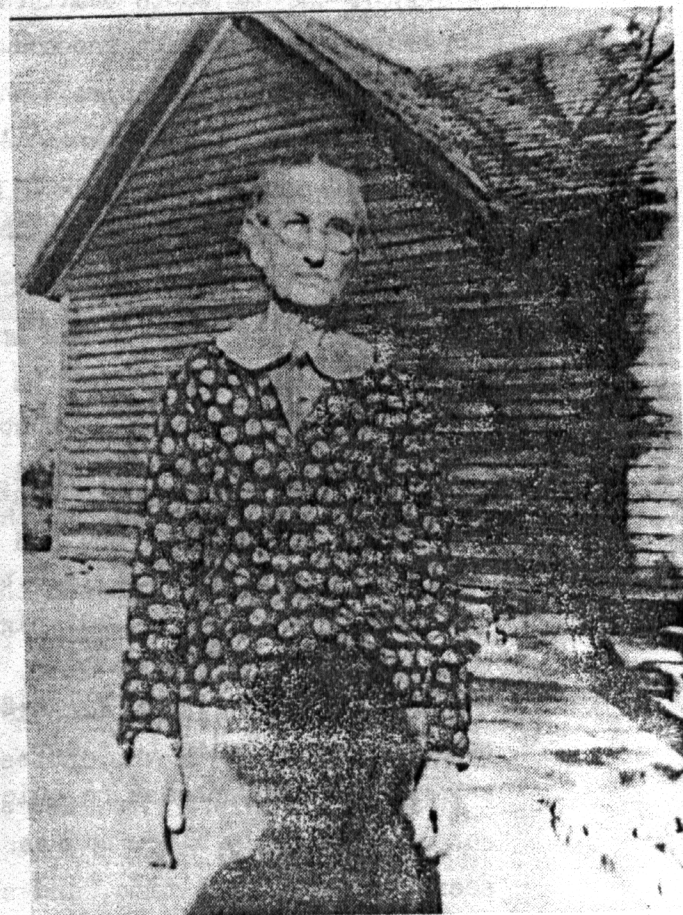
One time I went to spend the night with them, I slept with Aunt Lucyann, and she talked all night. Her daughter, Maude, slept in the same room - or tried to sleep. She couldn't go to sleep and kept saying, "Mother, please be quiet. I can't sleep." Aunt Lucyann stayed quiet only a few minutes and began talking again. I hadn't seen her for a long time, and she had a lot to tell me. I enjoyed hearing her talk, but I didn't get much sleep that night.



Floyd, Uncle Will, Aunt Arminda, Richard, Dara



Alice, Richard, Dorothy, Uncle Will,
Floyd, Fred, Dara, Aunt Arminda



Aunt Arminda